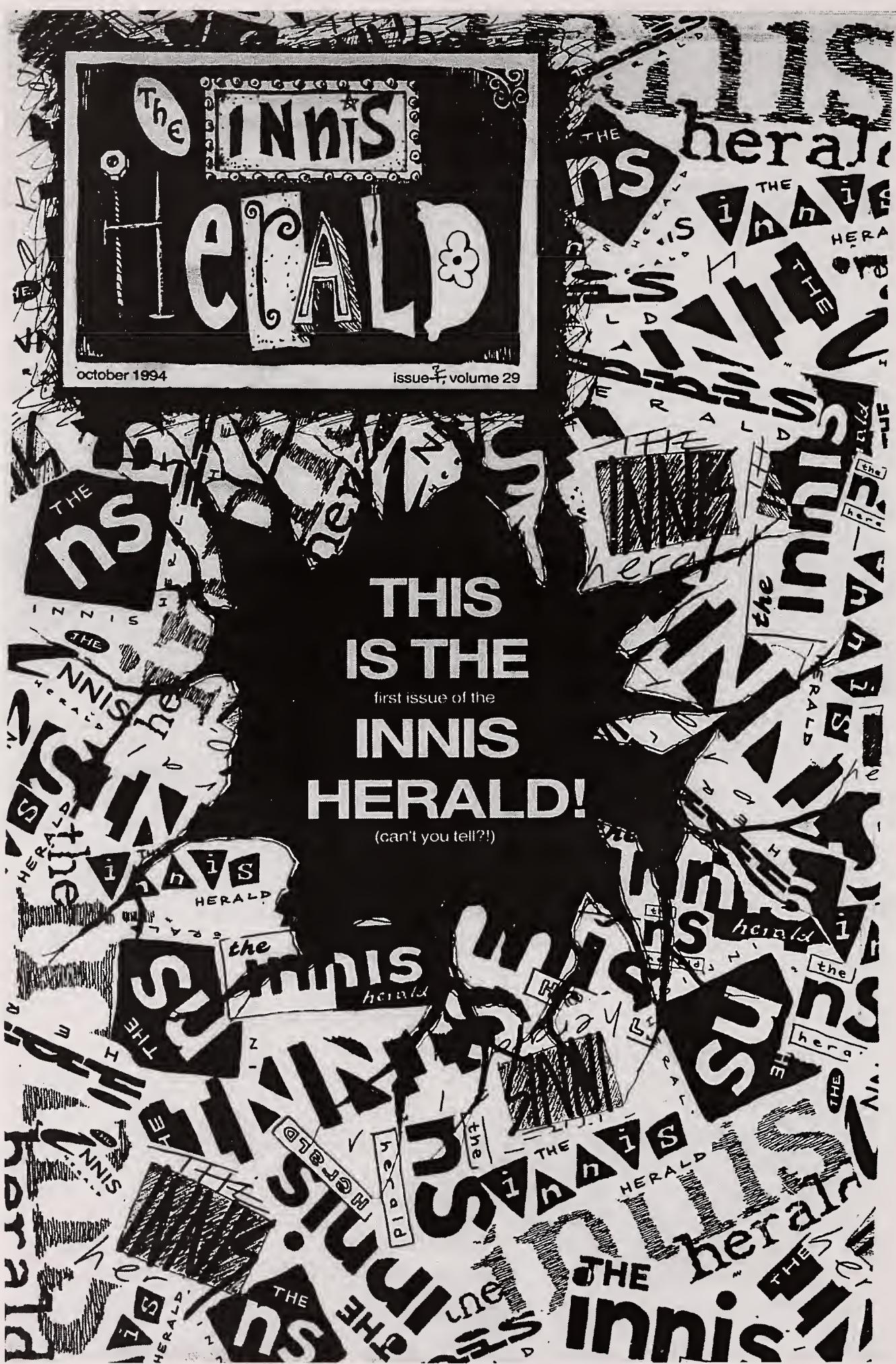


Innis Herald
'94-'95
Oct. 1994
Volume 29
Issue 1a



EDITORIALS

STUDENTS DERAILED

For over a decade post-secondary students have been fighting for cheaper TTC fare rates. And for over a decade post-secondary students have been riding the TTC at maximum cost. So why haven't we gotten anywhere? The answer lies in economics, short term planning and pigheaded narrow-mindedness.

University and college students are generally referred to as TRANSIT CAPTIVES in TTC-ese. That means we will use Toronto's subterranean transit system at whatever the cost. We aren't stationary beings and we don't have cars or parents who will lend us the old Buick for an evening out. Unlike highschool students, who live at home and enjoy a weekly allowance as well as the keys to Dad's car, university and college students have no choice but to take the TTC. Hence the term TRANSIT CAPTIVES.

This is where the TTC's jurassic reasoning comes into play. If we are "guaranteed customers", then our ridership numbers will not increase if discount fares are introduced. That means student metropasses are a straight loss of revenue for the TTC. Without additional government funding (an oxymoron of the nineties) they cannot "afford" more student discounts.

Funny how the transit commissions of other Canadian cities never caught wind of such masterful economic tunnel vision.

strategy. Guelph, Peterborough, Ottawa and Hamilton all give some form of cost break to post-secondary students, and they don't have nearly the same number of riders as Metro Toronto.

But backward logic is to be expected from the TTC, a company whose General Secretary Alan Leach has never ridden the back of the bus. Mr. Leach enjoys private parking in the heart of downtown Toronto... perhaps Innis can arrange a car pool with him.

This year may be different. Students have organized their own political body to RAIL against the machine. This new lobby group, known as The Metro Universities and Colleges Caucus, represents 250,000 students across the city and functions as a part of Metro Council.

This means students are working together for the first time in TTC shit-shovelling history. Our ability to put serious public pressure on the TTC is real. By working with sympathetic metro councillors such as Olivia Chow (she campaigned successfully for highschool rates and has now focused her energies on reductions for post-secondary students), we gain additional bargaining power. Turning up the heat on these out-dated bureaucrats will make University and College Metropass a reality, and not just a casualty of TTC tunnel vision.

ELUSIVE CREATIVITY

"Van Gogh cut off his ear under the influence of hallucinogen..."

But was his absinthe "high" solely responsible for Post-Impressionism? After reading Carola Barczak's article in NOW magazine, I questioned his credibility as an artist (and others involved in the Impressionist movement), but I wasn't wholly convinced that chemically induced euphorias are conducive to great works of art.

Are we not capable of creative release without an artificial high? Perhaps we may not always rely on our naked minds for spontaneity, but I firmly believe that talent can't be nursed through chemical intoxication. Who cares if Toulouse-Lautrec used drugs to

produce phenomenal masterpieces! Is this information relevant for viewing such genius? We easily forget that ideas are bred through experience because drugs alter perceptions.

A working artist must meet deadlines, and sometimes, the pressure 'to create' is astoundingly frightening. Drugs merely amplified these artists' seeing powers. Hallucinogens tickled their sensations and expanded their perceptive powers to gargantuan proportions, but a recording of these visions would've been difficult without talent and skill.

Though I won't entirely discount their drug use as an evolving factor for Impressionism, I do consider it a minor one. Besides, geniuses are born, not made.

Quote from our Prez:

"This is the first time I've worn pants in a REALLY long time."

- Aaron Magney
ICSS President

The Innis Herald

THE EXECUTIVE

sally blake..... Editor
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alan wong
antonia yee

THE LAYOUT TEAM

george stone
alan wong
michael dielissen

HERALD LOGO

edward chee

FRONT COVER GRAPHICS

alan wong

CONTRIBUTORS

bagamundo
michael lampert
kare holmberg
joyce yee

INNIS HERALD INFORMATION

Location

Innis College
2Sussex Avenue
Room 305 (Old Building)

Office Hours

Sally
Monday 12-2 & 4-5

Diane
Thursdays 12-3

DEADLINE FOR NOVEMBER ISSUE:

OCTOBER 21, 1994

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Considerations

by Michael Lampert

Hello Innis. I am not a student at Innis, nor the University of Toronto. My studies have been confined to the Sceptred Isle and I am currently a stage and television actor working in Canada and the United States. In fact, if I may shamelessly plug that I am starring in the farce "Pyjama Tops" at Stage West in Mississauga until the end of October, that would be wonderful. But the editorial staff will probably snip that out.

I am, however, connected to Innis. This thread will soon become devastatingly apparent.

The theme "considerations" refers to things we do that may annoy others; often unnecessarily. People that are sharing rooms and flats and apartments and have to get along for, practically, an entire year. Considerations include people who blast their car horn one nano-second after the light has turned green, who drive slowly in the fast lane, who scream abuses into the night air at three in the morning... in other words, people who, through a very definite fault of their own, show little or no consideration for the rest of us on this planet.

And now the thread. I wanted to write this little article because I live with Sally Ashcroft-Blake. Innisite, entrepreneur, journalist, editor and the person who penned the article "Issues" in the August/September paper. (You know, the one that bashes men but we can't really, safely, nor politically-correctly rebuke and trash.) As Michael Coren himself would doubtless say, "ah, the gentler sex. Vive la difference!"

The considerations I wish to lay out, I believe, will help all roommates to get along just a bit better.

Slamming doors. Boy, that's annoying. You're sick, trying to recover from an exam, trying to recover from a party and bang! There goes the outer door and BANG! Yup, that'll be schmucko coming home. During her recent typing escapade, Sally had just returned from England and was up ex-

tremely early (completely understandably) due to the time lag, but decided to nip over to the store to purchase a Toronto Star. It was seven in the morning. I was recovering from what I perceived at the time to be a minor bout of Bubonic Plague she had returned with and passed on to me, when BANG!... there goes the door. Exiting. Moments pass, then BANG!... hi honey, I'm home. Close doors gently and the world is a softer place.

Stomping feet. In older, renovated buildings, the floors are invariably constructed from beams of wood. Ask an Engineering student. It'll take them about four hours, but they'll confirm that. If we walk softly it actually is better exercise. Using the balls of the feet instead of the heels strengthens muscles and stops old wooden beams from creaking and groaning and thumping. This is especially true on stairs. Some relatively light folks can sound like a wildebeest stampede in Lion King when they don't tread gently.

Music. Is the food of life, play on! In this I agree. But, we should at least keep the bass down after, say, midnight. This is very difficult to do when one has had the occasional malt beverage. Tell your neighbours that you are having a gathering and, maybe, invite them. React favourably when uniformed officers arrive at the door. Invite them, too.

There are many, many things that we should do more of in the way of considerations when we co-habit. Keep the tops on your toothpaste is more of a nag than a practical thing, but after the stomping and the slamming and the orchestral maneuvers, a solitary red, dime-sized Colgate cap rolling loose on a damp sink counter can be the two-by-four that broke the dromedary's back.

Always remember that we share our space with others and, although we often believe we are the centre of our own universe (God knows, I do!) let us try to give the planets a happy orbit before little things become a source of deep gravity.

Michael is a Toronto based actor and writes care of Alcoholics Anonymous

A Brief Reflection on Causality

"L'amour, l'amour fait tourner la monde."

—Anonymous



And if I wished you any sort of pain,
Set morbid hopes upon a falling star,
I wished unwisely and, I hope, in vain,
For my ambition often went too far.
And if the dangers heaped upon your head
In my imagination were extreme,
I only wished to bear them in your stead;
To be your saviour was my fondest dream.
For every paper tiger I did fold
In mental origami did I add
Away for me, the paper hero bold.
To leap into its jaws in action mad.
Be glad it is profane and not profound
To say 'tis love that makes the world go round.

—Clymer Fitzsimmons

The Rule of Fate

by Rachel Murray

It's warm and the sun burns me
The people smile with faces frozen in time
I sit here alone, listening
to the soundtrack of my life
I try to ignore the distance
And be happy with the memories
But when the one you care for so much
is living so far away
Can you blame me for
hating frony?
I'm glad fate worked then
I'll be only happy if it works now



Let me see you
Touch your skin
And see the smile that sets my soul free.
A last temptation
If you are my truth,
then you set me free with love.



Let the world go on fine without me
The cars rush faster
Time stands slower, mocking the ones
who lay captive to her cruel games
What may come and go
And Do as it pleases - that's just fine
I don't care about life
I don't care about luck
I just care for your warm body next to me
When the sun rises, it mocks the way you love me.
Of all the things that I have seen,
It's the sight of you that sets me free.

THOUGHTS....

-anonymous

maybe chaucer was just writing a story maybe he wasn't thinking about allusions and maybe when he says gold he means gold and not what he meant the last time he wrote gold maybe there is not connection maybe there is not reference to the ark and maybe there is no reference to Mary and Jesus Christ and maybe no one's name means anything about their personality and maybe no one's red dress is of any particular significance and maybe her white apron doesn't mean anything and he was just trying to be funny when he gave the girl black hair and maybe he wasn't thinking about all this shit i'm supposed to pick up and maybe he was just having fun and nothing he said has anything to do with Antigone or Oedipus and you have me sitting here three days a week trying to make up stuff to see and talk about that just isn't there but thousands of people over hundreds of years have been trying to sound intellectual when really all he was doing was writing a fucking story and wasn't trying to spawn a million annoying grating semi-quasi intellectual chats and a separate university course and maybe when he made up characters they were people he knew and not some stupid commentary on the state of human-kind at the time maybe there are no references and no inferences and no allusions of any kind to the bible or otherwise and what he said, that was what he meant and that was it wouldn't we feel stupid hey it wasn't my idea i don't even see all that shit or is it just me hey just maybe if this turns up in a hundred years i will be glorified and revered for making such a bang-on assessment of the economic situation of medieval europe because hey you know that if you take everything here and read into it what you want and try to make yourself sound smarter than everyone else, that's what you'll get out of this how fucking stupid...

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Out of Juice

by damien boyes

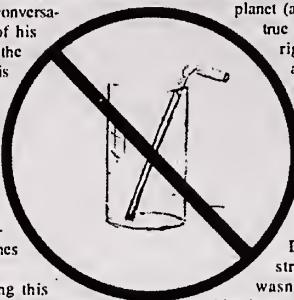
I was watching CNN, as I occasionally do, to keep myself worldly aware, and on the headline preview they had the usual hard-hitting news-worthy items, things that are of a vital concern to society today. All because CNN is a serious news channel and they are only concerned about bringing us, the home viewers, news that will make us better people; stuff like: an in-depth interview with a former gang member, live coverage of the situation in Haiti, new information on cancer studies and...a day in the life of O.J. Simpson? What he eats for jail dinner? What his cell looks like? A friendly conversation with some of his cell-mates? What the hell is this? Is this news? Are they really stooping to this level? This Hard-Copy-Current-Affair-Geratdo crap from CNN...the Cable NEWS Network. Who watches this stuff?!

After seeing this you have to stop and think. Why would they show this? The answer is: because people care. No. Don't laugh, it's true. They actually do. Now, I'm sure you are not one of these people. You haven't had discussions about whether he did it. You haven't wondered once whether he'll get the death penalty. You didn't watch the Olympics for the sole purpose of watching Tonya fall on her face and Nancy to get the gold medal,

standing with a tear in her big brown eye, finally victorious over all those who tried to keep her down. You wouldn't know who the Mcenedez brothers were if your life depended on it. And I'm sure, if asked, you couldn't name that specific body part that was severed from its Bobbit. Don't you see. It's all so clear. You are responsible. You are to blame...the eight Amy Fisher T.V. movies of the week, the proliferation of "news-magazine," the fact that everyone and their dog has a talk show, the reason the National Enquirer is the most widely circulated newspaper on the planet (and I know this is true because it says so right on the cover) and the worst part of all, the part that made me loathe you and your kind forever, the loss of my daytime R.V. during the O.J. hearings. Yes, you killed

Erica Kane for two straight weeks. It wasn't some network

bigwig who preenpted them. You did it as surely as if you pulled them yourself... you watched the hearings. No, no...don't deny it, you know you did. On your channel surfing adventures you couldn't resist stopping on that somber former-football-star-all-American-hero-turned-bad frown and just watch it all day. And I will never forgive you. Ever.



PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Toronto seminar is open to all undergraduate and graduate students. There is no registration fee required for the one-day seminar, but students are asked to commit to attend the full seminar.

Seminar hours are 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. For registration forms or more information, contact Annabel Addington, The Fraser Institute, 416-363-6575 ext. 315.

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also administers the Innis College Student
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the innis herald: october 1994.

HOROSCOPES

anonymous

Capricorn: December 22nd-January 19th

You might be feeling like you should be out helping humanity instead of furthering your education. Think about your future and discuss it with friends you trust. Your generous behaviour has left you feeling a little empty and neglected. Your performance in school or work will help your self-confidence. Take pride in your accomplishments.

Aquarius: January 20th-February 18th

This is your time for sociability. You are ambitious, but be weary of over-exertion, it will lead to disappointments. Plan out your activities carefully over this month - you may be forgetting an important day or an important person. You can expect a great accomplishment to be achieved soon. Focus your energy on your friends and family. Do not take your friendships for granted, they are more important than you realize.

Pisces: February 19th- March 20th

You may be feeling extremely homesick this month. The feeling will pass if you take the initiative. Call or write to that person you have been thinking about. There may be a lot of pressure on you this month to fulfill a promise or a previous commitment. This stress will soon pass. Be patient. Your spiritual side will be dominating your personality. Give yourself the time you need.

Aries: March 21st-April 19th

You are in for bad luck this month. Be very, very careful... Have you perhaps broken a mirror, or walked under a ladder... Analyze your situation carefully. You may notice that friends have been ignoring you. An opportunity will arise for you near the end of the month. Take advantage of your situation and your luck will turn around.

Taurus: April 20th-May 18th

Financially, you are set this month but your social status is in jeopardy. Too much flirting has caused some trouble for you. Others are jealous and become resentful. Keep an open mind and things will turn around. You generally are very light-hearted and carefree but you will suddenly feel an onslaught of depression. Do not let this melancholy get the best of you.

Gemini: May 21st-June 21st

You have made many new friends that will last a lifetime. There may be one person with whom you feel a special connection. Let your emotions judge your actions and everything will work out. Your unique imagination will present you with interesting circumstances. Let your talents control you. A past injury or emotional wound will finally heal this month. In your conversations remember not to jump to conclusions.

Cancer: June 22nd-July 23rd

You are very devoted and loyal, perhaps for the first time in a long time. Although you may be tempted to break promises, stay true to your word. A friend may come to you with a problem, and true to your character you will be supportive. Be weary of giving advice, you are better at listening and being supportive.

Leo: July 23rd-August 22nd

It would be wise to accomplish routine chores you have been neglecting. You may lack ambition but your procrastination will make others bitter. Take responsibility for your actions. You may have noticed a far-off admirer. They might appear shy at first, but they are deserving of a little attention. Do not feel insecure about where you come from, because it is where you are that matters.

Virgo: August 23rd-September 22nd

You feel self-assured and confident. You have overcome a great fear and the relief will allow you to relax for a while. You are intelligent and find your self engaging in many enlightening conversations. The more activities you are involved in, the more social you will appear to be. You might feel impulsive to spending money. Take a little time to think over any purchases you make or you might regret them.

Libra: September 23rd-October 23rd

Your interest in travel will present you with a difficult decision. You have many bright ideas, but you feel as if they cannot become reality. You get along well with friends and will continue this social success. Putting a few extra hours into your work could have significant results. There may be tension among family members, keep an understanding view of things and the difficulty will pass.

Scorpio: October 24th-November 21st

The past month you have been scrutinizing your new surroundings. Do not despair, you will soon find yourself in a peaceful atmosphere. Be bold when taking a stand on controversial issues; your opinions will gain you respect. Spend your time wisely. Confusions occur when you do not give yourself enough time for self-thought.

Sagittarius: November 22nd-December 21st

The people you come in contact with will be assertive, outspoken and dominating. This may be intimidating at first, but your good-hearted nature will allow you to adjust. Your mood may turn away some friends, but those who really know you will be there for support. Avoid taking any unnecessary chances; they will probably not pay off for you this month.

BRUTAL VIOLENCE
Theatres Branch Ontario

Sucking Me Dry

by Carolyne Fell

It all started this summer when I received my schedule of course fees in the mail. \$2700 dollars. Almost three thousand of my hard earned summer dollars gone in a puff of smoke. Then books. Then living expenses. To make a long and whiney story short, my blood, sweat and tears soaked mountain of cash was all gone within a week. One fucking week and I have a stack of books I probably don't want to read and an eight month long road of stress ahead of me.

And let me tell you what I don't have. I don't have OSAP (I don't qualify), I don't have money to buy myself a rug to cover my new super-cold hardwood floors and I don't have anything but a whole mess of aggravation to show for waking up at six-o-godamn-clock in the A.M. Monday to Friday all summer.

I didn't feel this bad before school started because I actually don't hate school and it was no big surprise that tuition went up so much this year. I didn't think my books would cost so much and it's my own choice to live downtown rather than shacking up with my folks in Scarborough. But after school started that all changed. I'll tell

you why.

First (with no disrespect intended) I'd like to know where my profs get off thinking that \$120 dollars is a reasonable amount of money to spend on texts for each course. I realize the importance of studying a variety of authors and texts in order to cover each topic in its entirety, but at the same time I also see that I, and a whole lot of other people I've spoken to, flat out can't afford these books.

In addition to that, four of my five courses have reading packages ordered through the most expensive copy shop around. Each prof told us that they used this shop because they've had problems with pages missing and the odd smeared page and whatnot from other shops. Okay, whatever. But from me to you - when I'm frantically studying the night before the test and I come across a page in the reading package that's missing or one that's unreadable, I don't care. Know why? Because I'm assuming that the entire test is not being based on that one or two pages.

Next I find an endless piss off that the U of T Bookstore charges more for required texts than most independent book shops. Even though the U

bookstore is independently owned and run, I strongly feel that because they are allowed to use the U of T name that the university has a responsibility to us, the students, to ensure that aren't being ripped off by these people. Shouldn't the bookstore be for us?

The last point I'd like to make here (and this is a biggie) is that I don't have tutorials in *any* of my classes. I am told that this is because there isn't enough money to pay for these kinds of luxuries. In the meantime there are umpteen zillion university funded student organizations that I don't participate in. I'm not against having fun clubs and shit like that. Not, however, at the expense of my academic well being. I'm paying for this for christ's sake. Wouldn't it make more overall sense to cut funding to extra-curricular programs rather than underfunding the individual departments. I want T.A.'s and I want tutorials. And while I may also want to go hiking and skiing and to be part of drama clubs, that is not what I'm in at university to do and it is not the university's responsibility to provide this for me. It is their obligation to provide me with superior education, and with the best and most comprehensive access to knowl-

edge.

I am being sucked dry, I feel my wallet getting lighter as my knapsack becomes heavier. I've lost what little respect I had left for the powers that be here at U of T. And as much as I'd like to end this article with some glimmer of hope (being the eternal optimist), I can't. The way I see it, universities (not just this one) are becoming the bourgeois institutions that they once were. Maybe if the spiders in charge sucked a little less and listened (or cared?) a little more...

NO JETS

by Paul Hall

No way! Not for fifty years. Afterall, in 1981 the TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT concerning jets on Toronto Island was signed. It specifically stated that 1) no jets were allowed on the island airport, 2) no longer runways were to be built and 3) there was to be no fixed link.

A Crosby (not Bill) Commission recommended that the government stick to this deal four years ago. Would you believe that there have been four votes in the past three years to open debate on whether to abide with the TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT??? The justification? Jets landing on the island would kick start the economy.

The government will blame anything - excluding its own interference on our bad economy. In the past five years the airport has added a new control tower, a posh office building, more hangers and made preparations for a fixed link. Meanwhile, Harbourfront residents have no school. Students must be transported every day, creating the need for forty two school buses. The city has blocked construction of the school for five years now. It lies directly on the path of the fixed link. Air quality would deteriorate with increased air traffic making the proposed school site a bad choice.

The government now wants to cut a \$3 million annual subsidy to the island airport, the amount of money it costs to run the island ferries. I was on that ferry and it seems impossible to me that such a scuttle bucket costs \$250,000 a month to run. I wonder how much forty two school buses cost??? Anyway, the idea is that in order to save \$3 million a year we build a \$120 million fixed link. The government has decided that a million passengers a year (a five fold increase of current visitors to the island) would make it profitable.

I have not even scratched the surface of this issue. But it doesn't take an economist to figure out that spending \$120 million to save three is dumb.

The Turban Is Not For Sale

by Cass Enright & damien boyes

So you're sittin' on the subway. It's late. Or early, but what does it matter. You're gonna encounter someone off kilter on the "Better Way" even if you try not to. The following includes a list of thoughts - observations, maybe, about our local subterranean transportation system.

1. Your kooks, dweebs, dorks, metalheads, weirdos, crackpots, oddballs, freaks, bloods, stoners, fools, buffoons, dolts, oafs, and other Paul Shaffer-like characters are easily dealt with thanks to this guide:

Step 1: How to identify one of the above. Generally, they are holding lengthy articulate conversations or arguments with no one in particular. They may be accompanied by small animals or rodents, usually shaved. They are generally unfamiliar with the concept of cleanliness and will often ask their invisible companion for a wet-nap.

Step 2: How to deal with one of the above. Remain calm. Avoid eye contact. Few actually have violent tendencies. Don't make any sudden moves. Don't let them know that you possess money. In short, ignore them. Don't open up a brand new CD and look at it, especially if it is Slippery Nipple (they LOVE Slippery Nipple!)

2. The Drunks.

Step 1: How to identify one. They have a definitive smell. Alcohol of course. Optional stench may include: vomit, breath mint, cologne, Listerine, B.O., and/or the reek of barnyard animals. They stagger, sway, and consider

the alphabet to be A, B, C, D, B, D, D, B, G, Z. They will have a hard time walking in a straight, or even zig-zag line. They will be unable to pronounce the word 'jabberwocky.' Finally, they may also be carrying a paper bag, commonly with a L.L.B.O. logo on the front.

Step 2: How to deal with one. First and foremost, upon hearing the phrase "I'm gonna spew," never offer to save the floor of the subway by cupping your hands under their mouth(s). There are TTC mop boys that are paid to clean the floor, it is not your problem. If one happens to begin to talk to you after a good hurl, do yourself a favour and offer them a breath mint. If this happens, calmly exit at the next stop and walk home. It won't be as bad as trying to make small talk with a drunk with barf chunks at the corner of his/her mouth(s).

3. Religious Zealots.

Step 1: Identified the same as previous steps 1. Only carrying a Bible or similar religious propaganda/scripture/pamphlet. They will approach you and begin to converse. Show no fear, they feed on fear. They may seem like unsuspecting individuals, but they are definitely not. Two words: corduroy uniforms!

Step 2: What to do. Just listen, nod, and smile. Occasionally, scream out "Praise the Lord, hallelujah, Amen!" just for effect. Do not give them money, your name, address, telephone number or any other personal information, as you will live to regret it (especially Scientologists, they will follow you eve-

rywhere!) If you feel the dire need for religious discussions, the subway is not the place. If you must talk religion, call Earl Fryer, of the Toronto Church of Christ (no affiliation with the Innis Herald) at 820-3034 (this is not a joke...this is his home phone - he will actually talk to you!) Earl's successful concert dates have included: Sun. Oct. 17 - Massey Hall: Jesus, The True "Last Action Hero," Sun. Oct. 24 - some convention centre: "Guilty As Sin" - Appreciating The Grace of God (only the penitent man shall pass!), and Sun. Oct. 31 - Massey Hall: "The Fugitive" - Surrendering to God.

Finally, as a tip to all Herald-reading TTC commuters - if you really need a seat on the subway, you can always act as one of the aforementioned nuts. You say even get an entire subway car to yourself, if you are good enough. When stumbling, we suggest any of the following, all proven to be quite effective: (in a gruff, gravelly voice, repeat continuously) "Rainin' on my furnitur," (eyes wide open, head darling) "They're everywhere man, they're everywhere," (with a Bible in your hand, staring) "Have you met the Lord, sinner?" The end of the world is nigh, repent!" and, the old standby, "The turban is not for sale!"

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"BITE ME!!!"

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at (416) 978-4748 for more details.

Dear Aunt Alma...



Dear Aunt Alma,

I'm a first year student, and over the past few weeks I've developed somewhat of a crush on one of the ICSS members. Could you give me some advice in how to get this person to notice and hopefully like me, or am I crazy to hope an upper year student would have any interest whatsoever in a lowly frosh like me?

-Lovesick Frosh

Dear Lovesick Frosh,

First of all, you should never let a matter as minor as what year you're in interfere with your feelings. Besides, most of the ICSS Exec's have known Roach for quite a while, so his affinity for Frosh may have rubbed off on some of them. As for my tips for attracting an ICSS type, well it would have been easier for me if you'd have told me this person's name. Though you don't deserve it, for making extra work for me, I'll give you a couple of hints for each of them. (By the way, I take absolutely no responsibility for any angry girl/boyfriends who may not like you makin' moves on their mates!)

Aaron: You've heard the saying "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Well they wrote this about Aaron. (No joke) Feed this man and he'll be forever loyal. Extra Brownie points can also be gained by being able to keep up with him on a bike.

Frank: Now that Frosh Week is over, Frank is much less stressed out, so you shouldn't have too difficult a time catching him in a good mood. Strike up a conversation about music with him. (But only if you actually know what you're talking about.) If this doesn't work, woo him with some Keats and he'll be putty in your hands.

Pete: This is one of Innis' biggest Role Playing Game fanatics, so the best way to get Pete's attention is to challenge him to a game of magic. Also, he likes food almost as much as Aaron.

Joyce: She absolutely loves to laugh, so if you have a great sense of humour and like to show it, Joyce will probably notice. One word of warning—she's a very tricky girl when it comes to playing nose-pick tag.

Juli: Another crafty nose-picker, Juli fears no opponent, not even the Principal, John Browne himself!! Never underestimate her, or assume she's stereotypically female (most women really hate that, and Juli really, really hates it). Instead, try something like complementing her football playing prowess.

Kathy: Try luring Kathy with certain party favours. If you know her at all, you'll understand what is meant by this. (Hint: Last year our darling Social Rep was lovingly referred to as the Stoner Frosh.)

Kare: Well Kare, or is it Roadkill, is from good ol' North Bay, Ontario—land of the bush party. Offer to buy Kare lots and lots of beer and she'll be charmed for sure. Just don't ask her about the Farm '93!

Joel: Two words: TACO BELL! My boyfriend used to be a tender and passionate lover, but now all I get is wham-bam-thank you-ma'am.

How do I get him to be the way he used to be?

-Fed Up

Dear Fed Up,

The solution to your problem is simple: tell buddy to shape up or ship out-and mean it.

Dear Aunt Alma,

My boyfriend has a nose hair problem—it's long and sticks out I don't know how to tell him about it without hurting his feelings. What should I do?

-Nose Hair Hater

Dear Nose Hair Hater,

Well, you could buy him one of those Remington ear and nose hair trimmers for his birthday, or send it to him anonymously so he won't know that you're the source of his total humiliation. Or you could stop being a petty, self-centered child and just deal with it babe. Accept him for who and what he is, not what you want him to be!

Send your pleas for advice to:

Dear Aunt Alma
c/o The Innis Herald
2 Sussex Ave., Rm. 305

...or drop them in the box outside the Herald office.

Innis Band Night, Thursday October 6

Realizations

by Antonia Yee

I cannot sleep despite the soothing lull of the rain on the roof. The room is so still, so quiet, so dark.

"What's wrong? What's wrong?" I want to scream.

"What can't I remember?"

Focus. That's it, focus on what? The room is only a dreamy haze of undefined forms, a painting on the wall, a wicker chair in the corner, I think. My attention wanders to the window by the bed in which I am lying. Through the slats of the venetian blinds is only fog, fog and drizzle. I can see nothing.

Why do I feel like I'm suffocating? Confined; that's what it must be. Inexplicably I feel trapped. Why? Why? There is no panic, no fear; just a stifling, mellow feeling of despair. Is it warm? That must be it. If only I could unwrap myself from this warm blanket. A blanket so smooth, so soft, so strangely familiar and comforting. Its warmth is dampening my senses, overwhelming my mind. So heavy, so commanding, and instantly I realize, so alive.

I should have seen it before. It's not the first time that I've slept in a strange man's arms. The feelings of safety and warmth, desire and shelter, keep me coming back again and again.

Exploring his being, I run the sensitive ends of my fingers over his rough, callused palm, then between the soft of his fingers. I gently slide the cup of my hands so lightly up his well-defined arm, so lightly that I can feel each individual hair stand on end at my touch.

Dare I look? Does it really matter? To me they're all the same, so warm, so appealing, so tender, a wolf in sheep's clothing. I know what they're like on the inside, so cold, rough and unfeeling.

the innis herald: october 1994.

ing. No, I don't suppose it will hurt to look at this one. Almost afraid of the monster I will discover, my head lifts slowly, as not to awake the sleeping giant, lest he cry out "Fee fie foe fum, I want to ravage the flesh of this woman."

Gazing up at his face I am startled to see that the face looks not like that of a man, but a young boy, so seemingly innocent, almost vulnerable in his youthful slumber. The coarseness of his day-old stubble gives him away. How naive he looks - how contented. The bitter lines set around his mouth and eyes are gone. How smooth and tender his skin now looks. And suddenly I am filled with an ardent desire to touch and caress, to capture this rare fragility.

A tiny curl, set free from its hold of mousse and styling gel dangles hap-hazardly in the middle of his forehead. I reach to smooth it back into place and watch him sigh contentedly. He shifts, tightening his hold on me, pulling me inevitably closer.

I can smell him. Why isn't it that I could smell it before?

That deep musky odour of perspiration masked by the remnants of an equally aromatic cologne. Inhaling deeply, I feel my eyelids drooping to a close. As my head rests on his furry chest, I can both feel and hear the monotonous rhythm of his heart; relaxing, soothing, predictable.

Images of the lazy, hazy fog outside float through my mind; the confining warmth numbs my senses. Right as I am on the verge of sleep it occurs to me that tomorrow I will regret what I have done. When he wakes up with a start, he will calmly and coolly pull his shorts over his muscular thighs and get dressed. The hard lines will reappear and along with it the bitterness. Tomorrow I realize, I will wake up alone, again. Knowing what I know, why can't I remember to stay away?

The Golden Arches

by Erinn Freypons

The two garbage cans stare at me, stupefied. The signs mock my presence, the residents Groan disapproval.

What am I doing here?

A twisting green mass of tree idles gently. The sounds of Muzak blending sweetly with the children's cries. People pry at the doors To get them ever wider, opening the Floodgates of humanity.

What are you doing here?

A symposium of sterility, the soft light Bathes the mindless mob. The yellow-pink Of the place is an unpleasant reminder of Skin.

Why are we here?

With all the diversity of culture, the Explosion of science, the new horizons, We all still end up in, and are finally Connected by, you guessed it, McDonald's.

WANTED!

PROGRESSIVE STUDENTS TO VOLUNTEER FOR THE DOWNTOWN CAMPAIGN

Political science student?

Political hopeful?

LOOKING FOR

REAL EXPERIENCE?

Come join the team who supports DAN LECKIE and OLIVIA CHOW And explore the challenging terrain of CITY POLITICS

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Shannon at
(416) 977-5596

I hate myself and want to DIE.

by Erin-Beth Brunet

What does it mean to hate someone with all your passion, your feeling? It means that you have hurt yourself more than you could hurt the person you hate. Emotions are overwhelming and they leave you to be preyed upon by the strong and controlled.

I hate. With all my compassion I hate. But I do not hate another person. I hate myself. The pain and anger that courses through my fiery veins singe my feelings of love. I have forgotten how to love, how to accept myself as a loving person in an unforgiving society.

Death is an end to hatred. It is the result which most hatred seeks. But I do not seek death - not a finality of any kind. I am searching for a beginning, a way of enveloping myself in love and harmony. I aspire towards an idealistic world where I cannot be hurt. I do not look into the afterlife for such a place; death is meaningless as a path to eternal peace.

This story begins in the past. A history told in stories passed on to children.

The night is dark...
I have a light.
A burning flame,
of hatred and revenge.

Years of slavery have existed. Entire races chained to the ground. They were never willing. Never wanting. Always hurting.

There is much deceit around. I can never tell you how I feel. I am confused, lost, unsure. I am one of millions, shackled to a word... slavery.

Look at these people. They are helpless. Let's give them a hand. A hand in making a life for ourselves. Let us give them hope - without freedom.

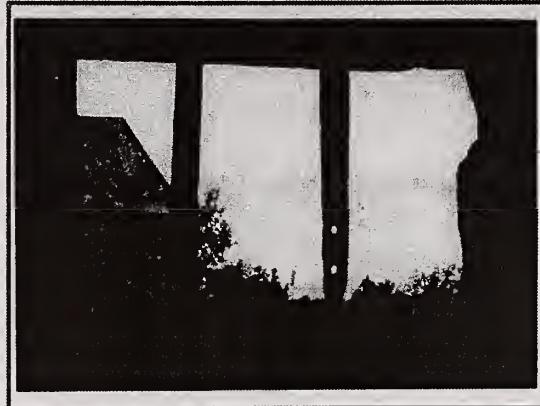
Do they care about humanity?

Do they see us as humans? No. We are replaceable by our children. Children born into disgust, into hatred, bred from evil and torment...

Let me take you on a journey. Come with me willingly. It is a short

keeper. I am a person... The world is a dark place. It is not easy. I see a light, a light of hatred and anger...

Let me show you something. Come with me. The world is a dark place you see. I will help you, guide



journey. Please come with me. I can help you. You can help me. Make something of your life. Come with me.

Simplicity. The life of luxury. To be bought and sold, how can you describe being traded for a horse, a cow, some sheep... Self-worth is worthless...

The world is a dark place. No one said it would be easy. You have to work hard, leave something for your children. If you have money, why not live in a little luxury. No woman should have to clean her own house if she can afford a housekeeper.

They give me a title - house keeper. I give them a title - human-

you. Look into my eyes. Do not be afraid...

Hatred is burning... Anguish, terror... Absolute horror - I have never seen such pain. An entire history of pain, deeply rooted, strongly to the ground, it is hard to conquer such hatred. It will not cease...

I hate myself and want to die... It is the title of a song that streams through my mind as I sit alone, in my room. Misery passes through my mind. Torment aches in my heart. This begins the cycle of hatred.

Thunder is heard overhead.

A crack, a cry, the rain... dismal... the winds storms in. "Let me take you under my wing..." A voice from the past calls out. "...I'll show you the evils of this world. Open your eyes and stare."

The night is dark and peaceful. An owl scouts out a field under a dim moon. The blades of grass are dry and the barn is oppressive bent.

A crack, a flint, a burning sunny flash... The fire rages against the will of life. "Look! Open your eyes. Do not fear the evil." A peaceful glow of ashes rests burning... dying... A swell of heat. A peaceful relief. Life has ended here.

And now I hate you. Because of something you did years ago. I hate everything about you.

I lie here in my bed. Fury is building inside of me. My stomach hurts. I get up and go outside. I sit on the concrete steps of my porch, gazing into the night sky. There are a lot of things in life worth living for, but at this moment I cannot think of a single one.

Look - there is still more. A lonely child, sits alone, hurt, coughing, crying... burning... Nothing can destroy the bond created. The chains are tied tightly, woven, stitched into the flesh...

What is worse is your fate... Someday you will hate like I hate...

Boundless edge of reality

by R. Murray

What's wrong with me? Why is the sky always full of tears? Trapped in my own tragedy with me only playing the parts thinking all along that there were others who (could) understand wishing that they could see within the shell of me. Feeling a void within my screaming out for peace I take a walk outside and feel myself leap off the boundless edge of eternity

I should be flying free and climbing that all-too-eager world But I am trapped in lies full of anger A rage that comes from

the days I am gagged in my dungeon of fear I lie trapped on an operating table where you tie me down My memory, caught like a record skipping the lines... skipping the lines I cry out for shame, for monstrosity Seeking out truth - yet all I see Is the face of evil that tried to destroy me

I need someone to help me Help me save what little is within me Trapped within a train bound for nowhere Caught with dreams that lie shattered on the mists,

feel like flyin' off the boundless edge of reality.

ELIZABETH II

by Erinn Freypons

I am surrounded by the sound of light. The Fright. My life is out there, There. Where? Wearing A dark shade of white. Tonight? My soul will be Torn bare. Tears. Fears. Cheers?

Out of space, out of air, is it time? Rhyme, Away the thought, punish the memory. Ecstasy?

A Fantasy. A dream watched and mimed. Mine? Could it be? For me there is no remedy. A comedy? Perhaps, with a taste of tragedy sublime. A dime? Two sides to every coin: Duality.

Here's hoping it comes up heads.

Student specials at the Hop al Grappolo Italian Restaurant & Bar 14 College street 923-2818

Mondays

Nachos & 60oz of Beer \$11.95

Tuesdays

1lb of wings & 60oz of Beer \$12.95

Spaghetti Wednesdays

2 plates of Spaghetti & 60oz of Beer \$15.95

Thursdays

Chilli & 60oz of Beer \$12.95

Certain conditions apply:

Specials apply 4pm - 12pm
7:30pm - 12pm on special events
nights @ Maple Leaf Gardens
Student I.D. required.

INNIS ON

innisation '94

The Farm
by *Kare Holmberg*

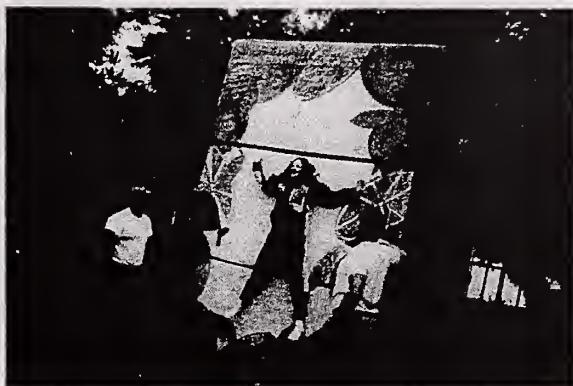
After the purchase of large quantities of food, alcohol, and an extended bus ride (due unfortunately to lost bus drivers), every able person made it up to the Hart House farm. This late start, however, did not inhibit the music, the drinks, or the card games. With a wood fire warming the air, we sat around the main house enjoying the surroundings until the early morning hours. Others took refuge in the long house for a mellower night of listening to Dan talk about Pizza GiGi's, and those who preferred a hot and sweaty night were brave enough to trek down to the sauna.

With little sleep, we awoke to a sunny day and enjoyed a hearty pancake breakfast. The sport of ultimate frisbee was introduced to some after clean-up, while others went down the road to cut enormous tree limbs for excitement. The day was also spent wandering from field to pond to sauna, or just baking in the last few hours of summer sun. Some of us even made it to the caves which is a must see for anyone who missed them.

Upon the late arrival of Saturday's bus, the music returned with full force and people began consuming alcohol all over again. A fine pasta dinner with corn was served a short time later. The card games were dealt once more while movies played in the long house. Alvy set up for an evening of music and enjoyment, so the party atmosphere was heightened with this live band. The musicians themselves were fully rockin', except Carlos perhaps near the approach of dawn. We quickly parted to the kitchen for burgers and hot dogs after they finished a set and went back to (surprise, surprise) cards/the sauna.

Though most felt they stayed up too late, or were awoken too early, it was down the kitchen again for pancakes. With full tummies and big smiles, everyone pitched in for the heinous job of cleaning up after ourselves which took surprisingly little time, and there was even enough time to veg while waiting for the buses to arrive.

A good time was had by all (such a good time we forgot to use the watermelon). I'm sure that there will be many returning guests to the Farm next year.



A Purple Gorilla
Line-ups
Speeches
Line-ups
Flashes
Walks
Meat
Hang upside-down
Bags of junk
Puppets
Freedom
A bat
Hunting
Police
A Fire Truck
Congo Line
Hog Tied
Alcoholic Beverages
Green Meat
Ferrys
A maze
More meat
Ball kicking
Evil dead
Pizza
Crow
More pizza, more pizza
Jim Morrison
Romance
Pancakes and eggs
Theatre
Subs
Alcoholic beverages
Singing
With us, On us, In us
Innis, Innis, Stick it up your
Rope pulling
Pizza and music
Buses
Enhancing substances
Sauna
Sunlight
Pancakes
More meat and corn
Alcoholic beverages
Pasta
Alcoholic beverages
Flying high
Mao
Drunken Musicians
More meat
Sunlight
Buses
All day Breakfast
VLF
Simulated food
Alcoholic Beverages
Fire Alarms
More fuckin' meat and Water
melon
Bowlerama
Music
Alcohol
Vortex

If you have no idea what these words have in common, then you missed Orientation and you SUCK!
(But there's always next year).

US IN US

Innis Upcoming Social Events:

Innis Band Night, Thursday Oct. 6
Featuring:
Alvy
Freedom Street
Terry Bone
Where:
The El Mocambo
All ages
\$3 at the door

Also, don't make any plans for the Saturday before Halloween - we will be having a costume party...

Your Social Reps

DRAMARAMA

by Daniel Currie Hall

There were only four people at the first meeting of the Innis Drama Club, but the sign-up sheet promised a more substantial membership. (This college has never complained of a shortage of exhibitionists.) Founders Laura Bill and Alexis Chubb explained that the club would allow Innis to participate for the first time in the annual U of T Drama Coalitions Drama Festival held in late January. Alexia paused to read from the club's newly-drafted official statement of purpose— "...in order to produce plays and to give workshops and other aids to anyone who is interested in any facets of drama, plays, acting, and play production..." —before dashing off to work on Tempest Theatre's Merchant of Venice. "I'm not sure I entirely believe in this play," she said, "but I'm doing it anyway." The Drama Club will give Innis theatre enthusiasts a chance to work on plays they do believe in; it plans to focus on contemporary and, when possible, student-written dramas. In addition to producing two shows a year—a one-act play for the festival, and a full-length one in the spring—the club will hold workshops on technique, improvisation, and script writing.

Aspiring thespians, techies, and so forth can join the Innis Drama Club by showing up at meetings, tentatively scheduled as of this writing for Fridays at noon. Look for posters.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■
ENSU General Meeting
 Tues. Oct. 4, 1994
Innis College Rm. 302
 2 - 3 p.m.
New members welcome
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

FREE FRIDAY FILMS

SPORTS UPDATE

@ 7 pm
Innis College
2 Sussex Avenue

Sept 23 Wild at Heart - David Lynch, 1990 (USA)
Sept. 30 Laws of Gravity - Nick Gomez, 1992 (USA)

Oct 7 Blow Job, Kiss, and Haircut - Andy Warhol, 1963 (USA)
Oct. 14 Naked - Mike Leigh, 1993 (GB)
Oct. 21 Dust - Marion Hansel, 1985 (Belgium/France)
Oct. 28 Crush - Alison Maclean, 1992 (New Zealand)

Art in the Service of the State

Nov 4 The Wonderful Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl - Roy Muller, 1993 (Germany/Belgium/GB)
Plus: documentaries on other artists and the Third Reich: Thursday, Nov 10, *I Kiss the Devil's Ass* - Marguite Knapp and Arpad Bondy, 1993, Thursday, Nov 17, *Age of the Gods* - Lutz Dammbeck, 1992.

Pulp Violence - The Crime Film
Nov 11 The Grifters - Stephen Frears, 1990 (USA)
Nov. 18 The Killing - Stanley Kubrick, 1956 (USA)
Nov. 25 Miller's Crossing - Joel Coen, 1990 (USA)

Dec 2 Pierrot le fou - Jean-Luc Godard, 1965 (France)
Dec. 9 Goodfellas - Martin Scorsese, 1990 (USA)

a little KEANU REEVES film fest

Jan 6 River's Edge - Tim Hunter, 1986 (USA)
Jan. 13 Point Break - Kathryn Bigelow, 1991 (USA)
Jan. 20 My Own Private Idaho - Gus van Sant, 1991 (USA)

More flicks!

Jan 27 My Beautiful Laundrette - Stephen Frears, 1985 (GB)

Feb 3 Prick Up Your Ears - Stephen Frears, 1987 (GB)
Feb. 10 Love & Human Remains - Denys Arcand, 1993 (Canada)
Feb. 24 Hour of the Star - Suzana Amaral, 1987 (Brazil)
Mar 3 Blow-Up - Michelangelo Antonioni, 1966 (Italy/GB)

Mar. 10 The Scent of Green
Papaya - Tran Anh Hung, 1993 (France/Vietnam)

Mar. 17 Pixote - Hector Babenco, 1981 (Brazil)
Mar. 24 Go Fish - Rose Troche, 1993 (USA)
Apr 7 Leningrad Cowboys Go America - Aki Kaurismaki, 1989 (Finland)

Apr. 14 Enter the Dragon - Robert Clouse, 1973 (USA/Hong Kong)

Sponsored by:
 Students Administrative Council
 12 Hart House Circle

Programmed by:
 Cinema Studies Students Union
 Innis College

FACULTY ANNOUNCEMENT

Kay Armitage, who took a sabbatical leave in 1993-94, has recently been appointed Director of the Graduate Collaborative Programme in Women's Studies here at Innis College. Ms. Armitage has given lectures on Canadian film in India, delivered papers at conferences in Ohio and Arizona, attended film festivals in Calcutta, Rotterdam and Berlin and has curated a wide range of films for the Toronto International Film Festival. She also continues her position as Vice-Chair and Interim Chair at the Ontario Arts Council. Congratulations Kay!

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Information fair on working and studying abroad

The International Student Centre will be hosting its annual information fair on working and studying abroad on Monday October 17th and Tuesday October 18th at the Hart House Debates Room. The fair will run from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., and over 25 organizations will be presenting during the fair. There will also be display tables where essential information about working and studying abroad could be obtained.

A keynote seminar - "Paths to International Career Track: Volunteer, experiential, academic and work opportunities" will take place on October 18th at 3:15 p.m. in room 003, Northrop Frye Hall at Victoria College. This seminar will be presented by Mr. Barry Yeates, the founder of Foreign Service Examination and Career Counseling.

All activities during the fair are free and everyone is welcome to attend! Please call Shougee at 978-6617.

The first week of Intramural Sports has passed. It was intense and exciting, with several devoted Innisites coming out at ungodly hours of the day. Our first game of the year proved triumphant as the Women's Soccer Team thrashed U.C. 2-1 on Tuesday morning against the overwhelming odds of a two woman handicap. Many thanks to Antoinette for her "death on wheels" approach to leadership.

Later that day, the ever popular Co-ed Volleyball team confronted unworthy opposition in the form of the "Killer-B's". Much fun and skinned knees marked the first of many obnoxious evenings to come. On behalf of the team and your Co-ed rep: Thanks for your great administrative skills and sunny smile, Craig!

On Wednesday, the exceptionally well-rehearsed Women's Touch-Football Team bore down on the Engineers, losing by a mere 13 points. Our spirit and enthusiasm, however, were unequalled by anyone on the field that morning, with the exception of our fearless coach Aaron Magney (owing to a great deal of caffeine!) Thanks go out to our unsinkable first-year players for their sheer numbers and remarkable effort, and, of course, to the aforementioned Mr. Magney for his expertise and gruelling practices!

Finally, we have Men's Soccer, who attacked the Greek Student's Association. The final score? 5-1 for the Greek team. Oh well... Special thanks to Deep Dhillon for his magnificent score and to all of the guys who showed up!

What's in store for the winter season...

-Men and women's volleyball, basketball, tennis and ice hockey
 -Co-ed innertube waterpolo, curling and tennis

For more information on joining a team: contact your ICSS sports reps (Joyce, Deep or Juli) in Rm. 116, check the chalkboard, or just show up!

Man Size Penis

by Paul Hall

Attention to all loving persons! As an advocate of safe sex practice 1, Paul Hall will be performing as Richard Scrotum in the critically acclaimed smash hit Birth Control Skit.

Playing this role has opened my eyes to the grueling hell women go through with regards to contraception. Hey, implanting a device in one's arm to prevent 'accidents' is not my idea of fun...whoops! I won't reveal the plot of this wonderful play...

At any rate, join the fun, see the production and receive free (safe) sex kits!

For information and bookings: (416) 978-8044.

POETRY AND COMMENTARY

Sailing Free

by R. Murray

So I may wait
Captivated, intrigued,
happy and alone
These arms stay open,
hungry for the embrace
that comes when I see you again
Eyes longing for the fire that connects
when we meet
I can't take it when you
live years away
And I'm sitting here, praying to fate

To hell with this wishing
Things may be bad,
but fate is sweet with danger
She rules over meholds me in prison
with a chance to see you again

The tides of life
They roar as they crash over
the rocks of loyalty
We are captive in this boat,
hoping we reach the shore
Music sounds from the hills
in the distance
Tempted... Seduction... bliss
I found a lover in one I cannot see
Fate is bound around me
Like steel ropes
Light imprisoned
I am a fool to crazy fate
If it lets me win, then it isn't too late
Never too late to dream or create
The road like fate will set me free
Believe in truth, and we will be free.

Nightlife According to Elaine

by Carrie Meyer

Saturday September 10th: FURNACEFACE, 13 ENGINES, and THE DOUGHBOYS at U OF T. They performed on front campus for a bunch of unenthusiastic and musically disinterested frosh. Ottawa's FURNACEFACE cranked out a powerful set of old and new songs, but kids sat on the grass a good fifteen feet away from the stage, ignoring attempts made by the band to entertain and amuse them. Now I understand why bands are so reluctant to play campus shows (although playing while the sun is still up leaves alot to be desired). 13 ENGINES were pretty good but not too thrilling. THE DOUGHBOYS put on a good show but it pissed me off how they exclusively played songs off their corporate rock record label release "Crush". A good album and a good band but their sudden popularity makes me sick.

September 11th and 12th: Two nights of jazzy lounge lizards COMBUSTIBLE EDISON. Sorry, no comment. I wasn't there.

September 17th: ATLANTIS AIRPORT RAVE. The ferries started leaving at 11:00 but we had to wait over an hour and a half because of limited room on the boat. But it was worth the wait and the \$25. One of the best light shows, lazer projections and

trippy visuals I'd ever seen along with an amazing line-up of DJ's including MOBY'S first Canadian experience. But let's face it, a rave is only as fun as you make it. I mean no virtual reality rooms or neat toys here. Nosirreebob. I had lots of fun although I did not make it to the aftershow party (11am-4pm).

Wednesday September

21st: SEBADOH, CUB and TREBLE CHARGER (formerly NC17 in case you didn't know) played at the Opera House. The sold out show kicked off at 9:15 with the mighty TREBLE CHARGER who played a mix of new and old songs for a short half hour. They were lots of fun as usual and CUB followed them with a forty minute set which means they played oh, about thirty nine songs. The nice gals from CUB threw Double Bubble gum and diggin stickers to the admiring audience. Heads bobbed as we enjoyed these fun and simple tunes. Finally, the much anticipated SEBADOH. By this time, everyone was pretty annoyed with the terrible sound, the sweat dripping off the walls and no place where you could actually see the band. I didn't find them all too impressive and neither did the crowd of SEBADOH fans who made a quick get away in the 7-11 before the set ended.

That's it for my night life this week. I'm going to bed.

Calling Local Talent

by Trea MacPherson

Elvis came to me in a vision
I had in my bathroom and... OOPS,
wait a minute, that's not what happened.
I must have seen True Romance a few too many times. Let's try this again...

I was sitting around zoning out one day when a great and brilliant idea hit me (and I've still got the bruises). The Innis Herald is a great paper but it lacks something that I could easily provide: Cool Band Interviews. Innis is quite the breeding ground for cool local bands, but it could be even more fertile if it offered FREE publicity to bands.

So... If you're in a band and you're willing to answer some fairly unconventional questions, the Herald will publish this interview, along with hand photos and a list of upcoming gigs.

Also, if anyone has any questions they're burning to ask their favourite local bands, submit them to us and we will add them to our Interview questions.

Leave a note for me, Trea MacPherson at:

Cool Band Interviews
c/o The Innis Herald
2 Sussex Ave. Rm. 305.

Northern Exposure

by Michael Dielissen

When most people think of Alaska and the Yukon, they get a picture of a cold, dark, barren land void of trees and plants, with the wind lazily blowing the snow in circles. This is a common misconception of the North.

I have had the pleasure to visit both the Yukon and Alaska on several occasions, and found that the land is a far cry from the stereotypical description. In fact, this summer I spent two days hiking through an Alaskan rain forest lush with trees, plants, and an abundance of wildlife, (bears included). Personally, I find Alaska and the Yukon to have some of the most beautiful untouched wilderness in North America.

Much of this untouched wilderness is partly due to the fact that population is scarce up north, especially in the Yukon. The entire territory has only about 30,000 people, most of whom live in the capital city of Whitehorse. Whitehorse is home to the Territorial government and is the main centre for business and commerce in the Yukon. It boasts one highschool, a McDonald's, KFC, Pizza Hut, three banks, seven traffic lights, and a major airport.

Of the few highways, (there are eleven to be exact), that crisscross the territory, some are actually paved and open all-year around.

If you stopped your car anywhere along the highway and walked ten minutes into the bush you would probably be the first person to ever step on that ground. The longest highway that runs through the Territory is the Alaska highway which runs from Dawson City B.C. to Fairbanks Alaska. It was built during WWII by the Americans who wanted land access route to their bases in Alaska.

The winter in the Yukon is a completely different experience. The sun peaks over the horizon for maybe two hours a day and the temperature can drop to -50. There is usually a 85 degree difference between the hottest and coldest day of the year. I was up one winter when the temperature dropped to -54 degrees. You don't know the meaning of cold until you've been outside in that weather. Your breath starts to freeze on your tonsils and you constantly scrape the ice from your glasses. Driving in the cold weather is also a challenge. Letting your car run upwards of 30 minutes before use is a must. Half the time you fell like your driving on square tires.

In any case, the Yukon and Alaska are places full of exciting history and beautiful wilderness. The North has many things to offer, like mountain climbing, glacier climbing, hiking and my favourite white water rafting. Don't just discard the North as a cold and barren place!

For free travel and tourist information write to:

Tourism Yukon
P.O. Box 2750
Whitehorse Yukon
Y1A 5N2



An Alternate Alternative Scene with your professors the 2 phunkey buddhas

by Hubert & Borphan

The other or alternate alternative scene that the title talks about is ... (drumroll)... RAVE! Rave started out in England in the 80's and came to North America a few years ago, (luckily) touching down in Toronto (as well as Chicago, Detroit and other US cities). At first there were "underground" warehouse parties which eventually produced some rave companies who in turn, started to produce raves. For those who think that the rave scene and culture is dying, I have one thing to say... WRONG! X!! Thanx for comin' out! A handful of rave companies blossomed into around fifteen, with new companies starting every few months. Hardcore, house and trance deejays are brought over from the UK to join with local talent to throw down some killer trax and spin some wicked tunes for their loyal audiences.

Raves have usually gotten a bad rap. To be very honest with you, there are drugs at raves. But even though drugs are there it doesn't mean you have to take them. There is always a choice. A lot of the time the music selection and the atmosphere are enough to give you a high. In addition, we have found raves to generally be safer than (a lot) of clubs. There is less alcohol and a whole lot less attitude. People are quite friendly and you have the freedom to dance however you want to - or not at all. The fashion is a wee out of the ordinary. One important thing which we have not yet mentioned is the time of day (night) that raves happen. They usually start around midnight (Saturday), going on until the morning, with an "after party" available for those who have the endurance (sometimes finishing Sunday evening). Raves are a lot of fun, and I strongly encourage you to go, even if it is just for the experience.

The following is one of our experiences, so the opinions expressed are our own and may not necessarily reflect those of the paper, its staff or even other ravers.

"As we got out at Union Station and joined the crowd of people waiting

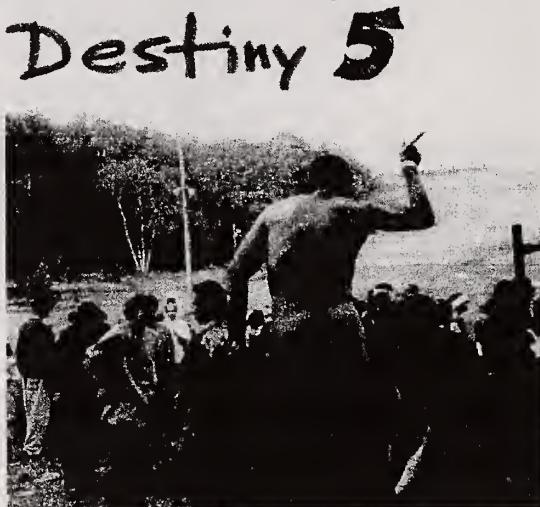
for the shuttle bus we observed that these people looked very different from most that we had previously encountered. Most of them wore really funky, "far-out" clothing that looked like it belonged in times gone by. All in all though, the crowd included people from most, if not all, social circles. Finally we noticed a bus pulling up to the curb, a yellow school bus that had obviously been

night. When we got to the front of the line (at last) the security guard told us to open our bags. After she had thoroughly searched us we gave our tickets to the person working the door and stepped inside. The atmosphere hit us like a tsunami. We were blown away by the music and the light show, and swept up by the tide of energy and pumping adrenaline. People around us

bassline (we're not worthy!). Who could resist such a heavenly temptation? We, obviously, could not. We plugged into the music; dancing into the night, we let our worries slip away. Time passed by quickly as the notes rang out of the giant speakers and before we knew it, twilight was upon us. By this time the music had become a little more mellow, and we welcomed the sunrise with sweat on our foreheads and smiles on our faces. To say it was "magical" would not do it justice. Words are not nearly enough. You would have had to have been there to it for yourself. That same weekend Woodstock '94 was taking place in N.Y state. We had our own little Woodstock and the vibes were just as good, if not better (*and a lot less mud-ed*). This was one of those experiences that you do not forget. During the bus ride back were tired, but it was a good kind of tired. We called it the "After-Rave Glow". It reminds us that the world is beautiful and helps us appreciate that we are alive!

The above fairy tale was the courtesy of Syrus and Pleasure Force Productions (the latter of which has been featured in *Eye, Now Magazine* and *The Toronto Star* when they brought down the house with Dece Lite on Aug. 27 '94). For info on raves and the scene contact "X-static" at 599-3851.

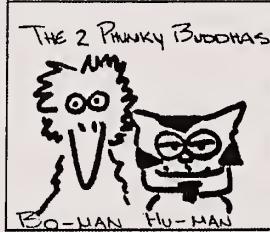
(Some good raves coming up: Syrus on Oct. 8 and Delerium on Oct. 15)



Full Moon over Destiny 5.
Phunkadelic rave-meister buffs it up in the wild with neo tribal friends and mates. Hope he remembered his SPF-30 sunScreen!

rented for the event. The bus ride lasted roughly twenty five minutes. Our arrival at this week's rave was foreshadowed by the parked cars lining the road. I asked someone where we were and he told me that this was The Honey Pot Ski Resort. We waited in line with everyone else, talking to a few of our partners-in-line. Time flew by quickly. The building looked as if it were alive, colourful lights and lasers piercing through Nature's s

were moving in sync with the rhythm, the psychedelic melody and the enticing beat urging them unto bliss. Walking a little bit we noticed that the party continued in the back field. Outside we encountered another mass of swaying bodies stimulated by MC EZ from the stage. That is also where the deejay booth was. Inside it, Mystical Influence was breakin' out some wicked drum beats accompanied by a boombastic



Fraternally Yours

by Bagamundo

As I sip my fifth glass of Istria Merlot, a friendly little wine from Rijeka, Croatia, I realize how privileged I am to be published in this much-respected missive. When I uncorked this delicate liquid, inhaled its fruity nose and smelled the screams of the wounded, I realized that I could only be fair to the readers if I penned a controversial, if not politically incorrect, column. God save us from political correctness.

Fraternally yours, Sororitarily saved. For those members of this Greek subculture that has not yet had the opportunity to be invaded by the might of the U.S. militia I suggest you fold up this edition of the Innis Herald and use it to heat your meagre domiciles. For those of you like me, who realize the sham and drudgery of paying money to such Aegean organizations and then, on top of that sacrifice, to have to fork out well-earned OSAP cash for booze, read on.

University can be a terrifying thing. Much like childbirth, I imagine. Although the former is something I could have done without and the latter a

joyful experience that, because of my insensitive nature, I shall never feel.

The ancient Greek scholars who now, through no fault of their own, have some remarkably wonderful restaurants on the Danforth, could surely have not envisioned the cacophony of ridiculous camps that have spewed forth from their wooden horses. I speak, of course, of the mystical, magical realm of Fraternities and Sororities. The Spanokopita organizations of the world that espouse great virtues. Solidarity. Friendship. Kinship.

Some cynics suggest, obviously mistakenly, that these houses only encourage bus rides and drinking and disorganized sexual encounters. Oh fie! Most such encounters are extremely organized. Under the guise of panty raids and breakfast raids and mystery tours. And, to include the gentler sex, boxer-short raids. I am totally aghast that such hot-blooded youth should require the auspices of an umbrella office to do what seems to come quite naturally to most of us. But they need it. The excuse in hiding behind a three-cornered Masonic table, bedsheets and pledges that

sound like bad Boris Karloff speeches doesn't cut it with this reporter.

Queen's university has successfully eradicated this archaic form of NOW magazine personals, but they are alive and, presumably, well at U of T. But then, so is the Jason Robarts bookshelf.

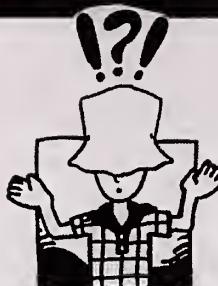
I am certain, in my soul, that insecure people do not need to continue the existence of these silly clubs. The ruse and myth that they will help you get a job in the real world following one's extended graduation is absurd. Try leaving Metallurgy with a C minus and approaching Josephine Blow at Stelco who happens to wear the same inseparable finger ring that you have and ask for a job. The mop and bucket will be a ritual that no-one expected.

But I feel the oppressed will be discontent if I do not return to my Merlot. After all, we have a duty to finance those which America has forgotten.

With love,
Bagamundo



RURALS



BY JUDGE ROB

(To be read to the sound of loud guitar, phat drums, porno horn)

I'm the Judge Rob, from Scarborough, straight out of his skool. I'm just a young blood comin up, I'm nineteen years old, and I'm just gonna do what I'm gonna do, since I know what I like and who my friendz are. I wuz gonna call this column "Being an Idiot", but I thought too many people would read it. Oh yeah, if you're not proud of who you are, stop reading right now. No shit. No weaklings allowed.

I guess the big thing I miss about hi skool already is that I can't be an ass anymore. Being an ass wuz so good. Asses are the best. Asses are too cool for notetaking and class participation marks. Asses are alternative to alternative. Asses bring their CDs to other peoples parties.

The assist thing I've done so far (not including refusing to shake this nerd in my art class's hand) was to not do any of the Frosh Week bullshit. I thought the stuff was wack. Second, I don't drink. third, I'm not lonely. Fourth, I'm broke. That's why I didn't. Even though those aren't assy reasons for dissing Frosh Week, I get the feeling I look like an ass. Who cares.

I called the column "Rurals" cuz rurals is like, what I am. Me, Rick, that guy Frank, some skaters and hip-hoppers, some alternative-heads. You know what rurals is. Baggy, anything with an oval around it. Rural catch phrases include "Funk", "Booyaka", "Wack", and some other wack shit. You know. Rurals guys like Beastie Boys and wack shit like Rollins and Dinosaur Jr. Maybe I'll explain it later. I hope next time you read "Rurals" it's better. For now, I'll leave you with the rural top ten, which is basically just a list of anything. Not necessarily rural, not necessarily new, not necessarily good, but just some stuff. Later.

The Rural Top Ten

Jr. Ed.'s note: This list will not include anything by The Cranberries, right, homie??!

1. "Time's up" - O.C.
2. Stereolab, Sept 13, RPM
3. "Flava in ya ear" - Craig Mack
4. Lola's Lounge
5. The Barnes Collection bype
6. Hot dog vendors that have grated cheez
7. Whatever band John Bunce is in now
8. "Give it up" - Public Enemy
9. "Poison" - The Prodigy
10. Natural Born Killers

BOYS SUCK COCK

by lula lipson

Boys suck cock. Why? Because they do. Plain and simple, an odd yet eerily consistent occurrence. (I mean no offense to those who enjoy it, only the ones who bite hard and leave us to clean up the mess.)

Casual is not cool. How can anyone with a bit of conscience fully satisfy their hormonal bouts with no ounce of sentiment? Improbable, but indeed a common event. I demand an explanation!

Embarassingly enough, I speak from cruel experience and let me tell you, the bitterness does not end here. No matter how hard I try, my past 'flops' interferes with my judgement of (good) things NOW. I fear of becoming a cold and callous bitch impervious to potential romance. Wait a minute, does even such a thing exist? I've earned my right to be cynical 'cause hard and fast, 'experience' slapped me in the face when I wuzn't looking.

Perhaps these lewd accusations don't apply to every male, but regardless, I'm beginning to lose faith in the other sex... SEX. It all boils down to this one human ritual that I can't give up 'cause it's too damn great! Take away the sex and boys would be useless, but hey, I'm still waiting until somebody proves me wrong.

Bad News

by funky hot papa

It is really too bad that the students of New College have to go through a year where their beloved newspaper is held in limbo. It is important that one should not form an opinion without all the facts. It is rare that in any public dispute, that all the facts are lay bare to everyone. I do not profess that I know all the facts, and frankly, I really don't care.

Actually, I feel sorry for the students of New College, the New College Student Council, and New College as a whole. The New Edition is for the students, and the NCSC is serving in the best interest of the students, but the question has not been posed to the students. Do they really care? They are after all paying for it.

Students can't live without baseball, hockey, basketball, and football, but they can live without their beloved newspaper. I know that the students of each College wants their newspapers published. Thus, their support is paramount in the survival of their newspapers.

To the students of New College, good luck and keep the faith, but in the mean time keep reading the Herald!!! Cause we're the best!!!

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REVIEWS

The Abyss Within Sharing the pain with Hole

"This show is for Kristen," Courtney Love told us this, dedicating it to her late friend and bassist as she stood before a squeezed-in 1000 at the Phoenix on September 1st. As the lead singer for punk rock's Hole, Love has been given more adversity and cruelty of fate to survive through than most people have to grapple with in several lifetimes. Living through a misogynist media smear ("junkie mom, no-talent whore", "gold-digging punk princess", "psycho hose-beast") gave her some of the fuel to create the songs of Hole's latest album *Live Through This*. Auspiciously if time and fate were different, the band would have been just touring to promote their brilliant release. But Spring has been tragic, and April was the cruellest month.

The loss of Kristen Pfaff, Hole's former bassist and the death of her husband, Kurt Cobain, has made Love and Hole's music fall prey to the media analysis which befell Cobain's lyrics. Hole's powerful music and lyrics were already infused with vitality and personal tribulation and was just gaining public attention around the same time Love was accused of trying to be a 90's version of Nancy Spungen (Sid vicious' girlfriend). Love's personality and media attention concerning the "riot grrl" movement, of which Hole was a part, make her a case study in feminist, personal and musical perseverance.

Cobain was heralded as the "leader" of a "movement" that in the end

overpowered him, and Love has been as much of an influence and news item as

Cobain because of their marriage and her outspokenness - hence the commentary and background that precedes her band's music and the reasons behind it, as so often in our media hit seduction, a face became trivialized. The intelligent lead singer named her band Hole not as a sexual slur but from Medea ("There's a hole that pierces right through me") - as Love says, "right through her soul...it's about the abyss that's inside." While Love "doesn't want

**"There's a hole that
pierces
right through me."**

to be a poetess, I want to write good rock songs," Hole's music encompasses both breathtaking lyrics about female empowerment and music that is as compelling as it gets - and one you know you're getting your money's worth when seeing them live. Though they may have been lambasted as the "Sid and Nancy of today," Cobain and Love were a testament to what creativity and sincere love were - the ultimate relationship of two innovators. Finally (and more than strangely ironic) the music was just starting to come into light.

The opening band, Montreal's Bite, were a rough and vibrant group of women who kept the crowd of sycophants, grungies and dedicated listeners entertained while waiting for Love and her mates. In an industry and age when

image still matters, Love is a curious study. Criticized for touring while still in mourning, Love still remains in the focus as the band wrestles to continue, pick up the pieces and do what their fans have done...finding salvation in their music. With Melissa Auf der Maur (from Montreal's Tinker) now on bass, Love came in at 12:35 (after missing two flights, arriving with police escort) backed up by versatile guitarist Eric Erlandson and powerhouse drummer Patty Schemel.

Love's characteristic personal defiance which howls through her music and her ability to transcend her "larger than life persona and actions" gave her the fury to startle us with a ferociously vivid and touching performance (all the while not content to accept pity). In a show that gave cathartic release in its fine moments (from Love's gentle humouring of her Canuck bassist, to the countless musical highlights) it was a performance that proved Michael Stipe's words: "Music that doesn't include elements of extreme happiness, as well as sadness, beauty, anger and violence, is not worth doing."

The band plowed through the songs of their albums with the same intensity that smashes through your speakers. Like Nirvana and so many artists of integrity, they didn't merely play the songs and deliver a show baked out of selling records or milking the rock star myth for all its worth. All the songs off their current album, and two from the band's previous release shone with vitality-asserting that regardless of fate, their music is articulate, brilliantly

crafted (from quiet to raging introspection) and transcendental (it's something you have to hear...it soaks in your soul).

**"For when all is said and
done, love was a great
performer."**

How does one review great art? Can you remain objective about the music which makes life worth living? Because that in essence is what Hole does. The crowd felt amazed and mesmerized by the band and the show. In the end, though, for the pain that Love must have been feeling, for the articulate, passionate music she created and for the stunning performance the band had given us, I felt both in awe and in sadness.

For when all is said and done, love was a great performer, but one whom the words "sympathy" and "commiseration" seemed too small, too meaningless to utter. Singing the refrain one extra time ached with pain, "If you live through this with me I swear that I would die for you." One cannot feel unmoved; if fate has any kindness or justice at all, then those with the pain of the greatest men that can live through all should have the greatest reward. Courtney Love sang, "Someday you will ache like I ache." One day soon, the aching has to stop.

JERU THE DAMAJA

The Sun Rises In The East LP
(Payday/fftr)

by Rob Judges

This album is too good and I'm tired of it wallowing in obscurity while shit like Green Day and Warren G hog all the props.

The stuff on this record was disappointingly predictable, but shock isn't the point with this group anymore. It's always difficult to think about how new PWEI music will sound when you hear it. Will it be Hip hop? Metal? Funk? Trance? Polka?

This new batch of tunes incorporates all these styles (except polka, which the group hasn't rocked since 88), which, as a result, gives PWEI no style. This lengthy ep kicks so many flavours it sounds heinously trendy, like the group was afraid to not include every style on the disc. The lyrics get the job done in the textbook PWEI way, but are sometimes sadly filtered through the same trendy shirtbox vocal distortion that spoiled the Beastie Boys' *Ill Communication* album. The trends don't stop there; even the package is vogue, and so is being on Trent Reznor's label.

Some of their shit is still really good; the Sabbath riff on "RSVP", the scary-movie vibes of "Ich Bin Ein Ausländer", the funky "Familus Horribilis", the phat-ass drumming. But there's still more wacky stuff, like the 12" version of "Ich Bin Ein Ausländer" which features "rapping" by Fun-Da-Mental, and the two trancey songs, which quickly become filler.

The group has lost its sampling and scratching vibe, but they still rock blocks. Be thankful it's just an ep. It's up to you, man. I scooped my copy for ten bucks, so I don't feel too bad.

With DJ Premier at the tables shit gets mad. The beats are violent, the grooves are manic and the rhyming is rugged. It may as well be a Gangstar album with Jeru on the mic, but you can't hold Jeru's friends against him. And besides, man, Jeru is twice the MC that Guru is.

Where does Premier get his damn samples from? "D.Original" uses a piano stab that switches you up like good dancehall while "Brooklyn Took It" flirts and teases with an even saucier piano lick. "Come clean", the best track, will fuck you up with a mysterious sample of what sounds like some weird kung fu shit, and "Static" incorporates some intentional surface noise that'll shiver your spine.

While the beats are busy being awesome, Jeru gets real with the mic. Superior rhymes are dropped in a straight-up, no-nonsense style that complements the lyrical message: Peace, Knowledge, Awareness. The album, however, is generic sounding; falling somewhere between Black Moon and Nas in terms of streetness, but it is so refreshing to hear a hip hop album that doesn't stray from the classic hip hop formula: Phat beats, phat rhymes.

FILM REVIEW

Priscilla: Queen of the Desert

by Georgina Hall

Imagine trekking through the neutral tones of the desert in a purple painted bus. That's exactly what the three characters of *Priscilla: Queen of the Desert* do. The immediate first minutes set the contrasting tones for the film and spark the inspiration for the road trip. The film opens with a glamorous performance by a female impersonator which then unsuspectingly shifts to a mournful tone. Throughout, Priscilla alternates between frivolity and tension without remaining on the serious issues of prejudice for too long to distract the viewer from the well-drawn admirable and enjoyable characters. The characters' pasts are drawn out through short snippets which apparently, in a lighthearted fashion, explain their existence today. The single scene in which a childhood trauma of Adam Whitley's (one of the key characters), is revealed, raising the issue of incest, but does not languish on the stereotypical ramifications.

Although some people would consider this film to be perhaps directed to a gay culture, it sends several messages to a wide mainstream audience. Bernadette (Terrence Stamp) to paraphrase his/her statement says that "gentlemen are a dying species" which has been oft repeated in several circles. Another important issue it raises is that of fatherhood, which if discussed would reveal much of the plot, so I will stop here. Hence, Priscilla works on the many contrasts which are set up from the very beginning, and explores how and why these three characters are separated from the accepted dichotomy of male and female notions.

While on the road trip, these characters stumble across prejudice and hate, but they also discover hope for happiness in other people on the ridges of society. Priscilla is truly an emotionally uplifting trip.

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Pop Will Eat Itself amalgamation ep (Nothing/Intecope)

by Rob Judges

the innis herald: october 1994.



by Simon Keeling

Innis band night on September nineteenth was indeed a success with lots of good music. Four bands were featured: they were (in order of appearance) It's Patrick, Part's Unknown, Made and Project 9. A fascinating selection of rock and roll traditions was covered by each of these bands in their own separate ways. In fact, it's hard to say if Project 9 are a rock and roll band at all or even if they wish to be considered one, but more on them later.

Parts Unknown were the best. (*Despite the drummer dropping his stick - ed.*) They were a four piece: electric guitarist, vocalist/acoustic guitarist, bassist and drummer. All of their songs were energetic and infectious. They were loud and gutsy without being obnoxious. Parts Unknown spoke between songs only once for about three seconds and they didn't try to manipulate the audience or be funny (two fatal errors) so everything was just fine.

The use of acoustic guitar by this band was refreshingly appropriate. In acoustic/electric bands the acoustic guitar is usually the defining instrument, which means that the electric guitar must be pulled back so as not to drown out or outdo the acoustic. That was not the case on the nineteenth when both the acoustic and electric guitars shared the spotlight. The clean sound of an acoustic guitar being played hard is an excellent companion to all that modern technology has awarded the electric guitar. It is a clear, simple sound, but with a certain edge to it that really enhanced the pride in Parts Unknown's style. I liked what the electric guitarist did very much. His riffs guided the emotions in the songs expertly from anger to happiness to arrogance to serenity. He added dimensions that the talents of the vocalist could not. If one thing was wrong with the electric guitar it was the effects. They were thin and crappy.

I was also pleased by the singer. Vocally, he was rough. He had the sort of tone that is close to yelling, a bit like Elvis Costello. I mean that in a good way. That and his "who gives a shit" attitude made him a successful mad-cap front man. If the band has an image, it's thanks to him. He seemed like the cool nerd, (i.e.) if this were a movie he would be a quiet sort of guy whom nobody suspects is a rock and roll star. Then just past half way through the fifth he comes on stage looking very clean.

the innis herald: october 1994.

innis bands at the ele m o

cut, and suddenly goes crazy, turning out ever so stylish. (*Back to the Futuresque?? - ed.*)

All that analytical musical stuff is rare and great, but forget it. Only one thing, one mega-huge thing, makes Parts Unknown truly special. They understand rock and roll. Their songs tapped right into what is meaningful about music. There's an intangible force in rock and roll that makes a lanky seventeen year old with shaggy hair pick up his (or hers) first six string guitar. And there's some kind of burning pride he feels when he plugs it in and hears that amp hum. When he first plays it he feels like screaming at everything. Watching Parts Unknown and hearing their manic, charged-up pop songs made me feel that again. A simultaneity of anger and hilarity exists in real, true rock and roll, and I believe the pleasure of encountering it with those four musicians was almost entirely mine. Most people at the El Mo that night were not as entertained as I.

The big crowd was there for Project 9 who seem to have garnered quite a sizable and far-reaching following among students. This could be because of their fantastic marketing. Project 9 plays strange music, no question. All their songs were kinetic and crazy. This band displayed the most technical skill on their instruments and in the complexity of their music. Practically every song had multiple, drastic changes of feel and style within it. I was impressed. Despite that, they never lost their dance objective and nobody stopped partying.

If Project 9 has a project it is to spread the love and celebration of youth through the cultivation of loud, sweaty parties. And youth is something worth

celebrating. This music is a perfect example of what people need when they're on a backlash from their serious, studious life-styles at the University of Toronto. Perhaps Project 9 fans need this band to give them wildness.

In terms of influence, P9 were electric. There was a general atmosphere of funk prevalent, if that term is valid after being seriously worn out in recent years. Whoever played bass was a master. Teaming him up with a solid drummer created a very tight, driving rhythm section. Also undeniable was a Latin American feel which created an excellent basis for dancing. Project 9 had the crowd in the palm of its hand.

It's Patrick and Made were also very interesting. The openers, It's Patrick, were basically a Goth influenced girl band, but with a twist. The bassist was male and he was the best of that particular trio. His lines were strongly melodic and provided lots of energy. Unfortunately, the guitar playing was distinctly dull. It really hurt the band, but in their defense I am willing to admit that my judgment may have been influenced by an extremely poor mix, courtesy the sound-guy. Backing vocals were nearly inaudible and the guitar was too quiet. Each of the four bands was afflicted thusly, though none as severely as It's Patrick.

Finally, Made. Very dark, very

melancholy. Thick tones and fat effect - I liked them. The singer had a good clear voice and impressive range. Made is very much a band of today... but typical. Sorry, their sound is a dime a dozen among the other good songwriters in the city. We've heard it before, and the problem is, it was better when Stone Temple Pilots, Pearl Jam, and Catherine Wheel did it a while earlier. Good emotional songs were performed by them and they were an enjoyable listen. If you've heard the albums of the above three mentioned (signed) bands, you're probably familiar with Made.

It was an all-ages show and a good deal being seven dollars in advance, five at the door and free with an Innis frosh kit; besides, the weather was pleasant that night. Interesting note: Made and It's Patrick have the same drummer. Funny, she was much better with Made.



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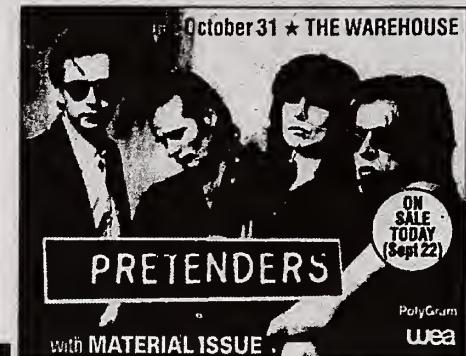
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**THE
FIGGS**

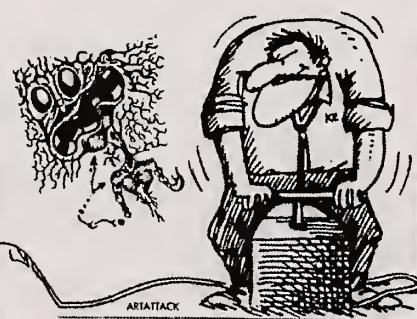
Thursday October 13
THE RIVOLI
19+
ON SALE TODAY (Sept 22)



with MATERIAL ISSUE .

**DREAM THEATER
I MOTHER EARTH**

Tuesday October 25
THE WAREHOUSE • All Ages Show
ON SALE TODAY (Sept 22)
wEA

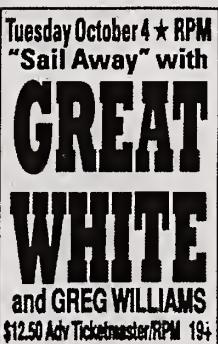


the innis herald: october 1994.

"The best new band to come out of Germany"
Friday October 7
LEE'S PALACE

**FURY
IN THE
SLAUGHTERHOUSE**

19+



Innis and el Mocambo



Give You the Chance

on Oct. 6 to

Below...

\$3.00

AVY, Team!
DOVE

and

F Street
Freedom

Street

... A Buck A Board - \$3 at the door

An All Ages Gig Upstairs

for More Info: 978-7368.

